

saw him as a man who might have been a clerk. The revolver with which he committed the deed is a five-shot, nickel-plated, 38-calibre weapon. There were cartridges in all five of the barrels when Policeman Glynn picked it up from the floor of President Wyckoff's office. Three of them had been discharged. As only one wound was found on each man, the whereabouts of the other bullet is uncertain.

The only article found on Clark's person besides his clothing, was a long, tarnished watch chain, with a round, polished picture nail on the end where a watch ought to be.

The letter which he presented to President Wyckoff had been written upon the paper of the Hotel Marlborough, on Broadway, two blocks below the bank building. With this in his hand Clark had walked unmolested into the private office of the banker.

The bank occupies a section of the ground floor of the southeast corner of the Metropolitan Opera House building. The entrance is through a wooden and glass vestibule built out on the sidewalk in the shape of half a hexagon. Immediately opposite the entrance and running parallel with Broadway is a marble counter, surmounted by a polished brass railing, behind which are the compartments of the tellers and bookkeepers. Along the Thirty-ninth street side, behind a partition, are the offices of the president and Cashier Moore, and a ladies' room. The president's office is right in the corner, and is entered by a door in the partition between it and the main room of the bank. The president's desk faces the window on the Broadway side, and the president sat, therefore, with his back and side partly toward the door in the partition. There are two doors in this partition, but the second, which is fifteen feet further back than the first, is near the desk of Cashier Moore, who at the time the shooting occurred had gone to his lunch.

In regard to Clark's assertion in the letter that his partner was waiting outside, William Pruette, the baritone, who sang the title role in "Rob Roy," made a statement. Mr. Pruette was standing with his wife in front of the Casino, which is diagonally across the street from the bank. Just after the shooting he saw a man run eastward through Thirty-ninth street. He described the man as about 5 feet 6 inches high, and wearing a blue serge suit, with a single-breasted coat, a black derby hat, and a negligee shirt with a turn-down collar. Mr. Pruette said he was about to run after this man, but Mrs. Pruette seized him by the arm and said:

"Don't! Maybe he has a pistol in his pocket and will shoot you!"

Mr. Pruette's description of the man would apply to the clerk who ran after the surgeon.

Vice-President Frank Tilford, of the bank, said:

"Mr. Wyckoff was conscious when I reached the bank building and saw him here in his room. He gave me a brief account of the shooting, saying that when the man came into the room and demanded the money his first thought was that the visitor was a 'crank' and that the only thing for him to do was to escape from the room and summon aid. 'I was never more shocked in my life. Mr. Wyckoff was one of the kindest of men. He is married and lives with his wife at the Chelsea apartment house. His summer home is at Montclair, N. J., and he was about to take up his residence there.'"

Together in the Hospital.

At the New York Hospital the two wounded men were carried up to Ward I, and laid upon cots in the same room. Only three cots separated President Wyckoff from Clark. Ten other patients were in the same ward. The cots are curtained off. The screens around the cot occupied by President Wyckoff were allowed to remain up, but those around Clark's bed were removed. The men were put under the influence of a soothing drug, but both retained consciousness.

President Wyckoff seemed to be in far less pain than Clark. The bullet in each case had entered the right side of the abdomen. The bullet which struck President Wyckoff imbedded itself in the small of the back. Mr. Wyckoff himself located it and told those who had gathered about his bedside of the discovery.

The bullet which hit Clark passed clear through the body. The hole made where it came out in the back was plainly visible. The police made a diligent search for the missile, but did not find it. Clark's wound caused a violent hemorrhage and the stream of blood which flowed from his mouth, drenched. The wound in his neck as well as in the abdomen. He suffered the most intense agony, and, as he tossed and writhed upon his cot, he uttered again and again the wish that death would speedily come to his relief.

The police promptly notified the Coroner's office of the critical condition of the two men, and added that if ante-mortem statements were to be obtained there must be no delay in getting to the hospital. The case belonged to Coroner Tenthill, but as he was not at his office Coroner Fitzpatrick took charge, eventually turning it over to his colleague.

Trying to Get Clark to Tell.

Pending the arrival of the Coroner, Captain Chapman made an effort to get Clark to reveal his identity, give his history and tell where he lived. The attempt was practically fruitless.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked Clark.

"No, I don't," was the reply, and then, when the Captain told him, Clark added: "Oh, I've heard of you before."

"Now, I want you to tell me your real name," said the Captain. "It isn't Clark, is it?"

"Never mind what it is," was the answer. "I want tell you."

"And why not?"

"Because I don't want to get any one else in trouble."

"Did you have an accomplice, then?"

"No, I was alone. No one's to blame except myself."

"How can you get any one else in trouble, then, by telling your real name and where you live. It'll all come out any way. Some one will be looking after you when they read in the papers about the shooting."

"No; no one will be looking for me. But why do you bother me with all these questions? Don't you see how much I'm suffering and how your talking increases the pain? I won't tell you any more, I say. I want to die. I'm not sorry for myself. I'm sorry for that poor old man. I didn't mean to shoot him. It was his own act that caused it. After I handed him his watch chain, I knew that I had hurt him. I fired the shot at myself."

The Captain ceased and ceased, but it was of no avail. The man would not reveal anything. Mr. Brewer, a relative of President Wyckoff, was just a trifle more successful. He happened to find himself alongside Clark's cot, and said to him:

"Clark, I know that I had hurt him. I fired the shot at myself."

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"I never meant to do it," was the reply. "You are a married man?"

"Yes, I have a wife and a little boy."

"Are you a native of New York?"

"Clark gave a groan and turned his back to his questioner. He had told as much as he intended, and all further attempts by Mr. Brewer to get him to talk failed.

Clark Wyckoff, then, who President Wyckoff, drove up to the hospital in a coach about 4 p. m. She had been over in Brooklyn visiting one of her relatives. Mr. N. Brewer, of West Fifty-seventh street, her brother-in-law, sent her a telegram as soon as he learned of the shooting. So as not to alarm her too much, he simply said, "Come over as soon as possible. Your husband has been slightly injured." Mr. Brewer and W. W. Major, Mrs. Wyckoff's brother, were at the hospital when the ambulance arrived. They hastened to it and supported Mrs. Wyckoff as she alighted. She was so much overcome that she would have fallen had they not gone to her assistance. They helped her up the stairs of the Fifteenth street entrance to the hospital. They then entered the elevator, and Clark, who was with her, entered the ward. The meeting between them was very affecting. Mrs. Wyckoff, who had been bravely rallied and did what she could to cheer, comfort and aid her husband, the clerk was a witness to the great grief of the stricken wife, but he made no comment.

Wyckoff's Anti-Mortem Statement.

Coroner Fitzpatrick and his clerk, McCormick, arrived at the hospital about 5 p. m., and were shown up at once to Ward I. The ante-mortem statement of President Wyckoff was first taken, and after he had given his name and business, as possible, Fitzpatrick asked him the usual question: "Do you believe that you are going to die?"

"I don't know," was the answer. "But I feel badly. I have no hope of recovering."

His story of the shooting was as follows: "I was sitting at my desk in the corner of the bank building, and I had in my hand a letter I had just received from the Broadway side, and the president sat, therefore, with his back and side partly toward the door in the partition. There are two doors in this partition, but the second, which is fifteen feet further back than the first, is near the desk of Cashier Moore, who at the time the shooting occurred had gone to his lunch."

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Not Afraid to Die.

"But if you die without telling who you are you may be buried in potter's field."

"What do I care?"

"If your wife, however, comes to the hospital, you will be identified."

"I don't care," he said, "here and I should die, she will not allow me to be buried in potter's field."

"I have never been in New York?"

"About fifteen years."

"And where were you born?"

"In the West."

"Is a large place," said the Coroner. "What part of the West?"

"Don't you see how I'm suffering?" exclaimed Clark; "why do you question me so?"

"In justice to the man you have shot. What if defamatory stories should be told of you?"

"There can be no defamatory stories about the man I shot, as he is of too high a standing."

"Do you believe in religion?"

"I believe partially in it. There was one life I wanted to take and that was my own. I wanted to go to the electric chair I do not care."

Beyond that Clark would not talk, and Coroner Fitzpatrick at length gave up the attempt to get Clark to tell his name.

Just as Coroner Fitzpatrick had concluded taking the statements of the two men Coroner Tenthill arrived at the hospital and took charge of the case.

President Wyckoff's relatives were much excited over the actions of the hospital and the Coroner, and they hastened to be in the neighborhood of the bank when the shooting occurred, and followed the injured man to the hospital.

At the time he was joined by Dr. Cameron, who is the family physician of the Wyckoffs in this city. They were anxious to begin an operation, but the Coroner would not consent unless Dr. Hartley, of the hospital staff, was present. The Coroner was called by telephone, and his reply was received that he might be expected within fifteen minutes.

Several hours elapsed and Dr. Hartley had not arrived. The relatives of President Wyckoff meanwhile were becoming more and more uneasy, and were beginning to fear that the operation would be delayed, and they feared might be fatal delay. It so happened that Mr. G. G. Haven, one of the governors of the hospital, and one of the directors of the board of directors, happened to be in the neighborhood of the bank when the shooting occurred, and followed the injured man to the hospital.

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to the bank, where a large crowd had collected, and, having a big check to cash, tried to force my way into the building, but could not get through the throng. One of the victims of the tragedy was brought out of the bank and carried slowly to the ambulance. The ambulance, which I noticed that it was an ambulance from the New York Hospital. Ten minutes passed and nothing had happened. I observed that the ambulance was deserted, both driver and surgeon having gone into the bank again. The crowd now fell over the ambulance, shutting all light and air from the wounded man.

"I did not know who the victim was, but I mounted the ambulance at the rear and ordered the crowd to fall back, which it did. Then I looked over the wounded man, and saw that he was a young man, with my friend Mr. Wyckoff. While I was gazing at him with horror, he rolled his eyes around and said to me: 'Do you recognize me?' I asked:

"Yes," said he.

"How are you feeling?" I continued.

"I am in great pain," said Mr. Wyckoff. "I cannot rest, and I cannot sleep. This is terrible!"

"Can I do anything for you?" I asked.

"I started to get him a glass of water, when I saw a policeman coming across the street with a revolver in his hand. Mr. Wyckoff, raising his head as gently as possible, and holding him up until he had taken his first drink, said to me:

"I am in great pain, and I am very weak. I am trying to make him as comfortable as I could, when the surgeon and driver came out of the bank, carrying the wounded man between them. They actually placed his body in the ambulance alongside of Mr. Wyckoff, and I saw that he was a young man, with my friend Mr. Wyckoff. While I was gazing at him with horror, he rolled his eyes around and said to me: 'Do you recognize me?' I asked:

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